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as the last 4 pages were added April 30,
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THE
FIRST SATIRE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE,

Imitated in a DIALOGUE between

ALEXANDER POPE, of *Twickenham in Com Midd.* Esq; on the one Part, and his LEARNED COUNCIL on the other.

Scilicet Uni Æquus Virtuti atq; ejus Amicis. HORAT

LONDON: Printed.

DUBLIN,

Re-printed by and for GEORGE FAULKNER, in *Essex-street,* opposite to the Bridge, 1733.

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Q. HORATII FLACCI

SERMONUM

LIBRI SECUNDI,

SATIRA PRIMA.

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QUINTI HORATII FLACCI

SERMONUM

LIBER SECUNDUS.

SATIRA PRIMA.

HORATIUS TREBATIUS.

HOR. SUNT *quibus in Satyra videar nimis acer, & ultra*
Legem tendere opus; b sine nervis altera quicquid
Compoſui pars eſſe putat, ſimileſque meorum
Mille die verſus deduci *poſſe.* c *Trebati!*
Quid faciam? Præſcribe.

THE

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THE FIRST SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

P. THERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)

c There are to whom my Satire seems too bold,

Scarce to wise * *Peter* complaisant enough,

And something said of *Chartres* much too rough.

b The Lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say,

Lord † *Fanny* spins a thousand such a Day.

Tim'rous by Nature, of the Rich in awe,

c I come to Council learned in the Law.

You'll give me, like a Friend both sage and free,

Advice; and (as you use) without a Fee. L.

---

* Sir *Peter Waters.*

† Lord *H—v—y*, Son of the Earl of *B—f—l.*

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TREB. [d] *Quiescas.*

HOR. *Ne faciam, inquis,*
Omnino versus?

TREB. *Aio.*

HOR. *Peream male si non*
Optimum erat: [e] *verum nequeo dormire.*

TREB. [f] *Ter uncti*
Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto,
Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.

[g] *Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude*
CÆSARIS *invicti res dicere,* [h] *multa laborum*
Præmia *laturus.*

HOR. *Cupidum, pater optime! vires*
Deficiunt; [i] *neque enim quivis* horrentia pilis
Agmina, *nec* fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos,
Aut labentis equo *describat vulnera Parthi.*

TREB. [k] *Attamen & justum poteras & scribere sortem,*
Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.

HOR.

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L. [d] I'd write no more.

P. Not write! but then I *think*,
[e] And for my Soul I cannot ſleep a Wink]
I nod in Company, I wake at Night,
Fools ruſh into my Head, and ſo I write.

L. You could not do a worſe thing for your Life.
Why, if the Nights ſeem tedious —— take a Wife;
[f] Or rather truly, if your Point be Reſt,
Lettuce and Cowſlip Wine; *Probatum eſt.*
But talk with *Celſus*, *Celſus* may adviſe
Hartſhorn, or ſomething that ſhall cloſe your Eyes.
[g] Or if you needs muſt write, write CÆSAR's Praiſe:
[h] You'll gain at leaſt a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.

P. What? like Sir [i] *Richard*, rumbling, rough and fierce,
With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd the Verſe?
Or nobly wild, with *Budgell*'s Fire and Force,
Paint Angels trembling round his *falling Horſe*;

L. [k] Then all your Muſe's ſofter Art diſplay,
Let *Carolina* ſmooth the tuneful Lay,
Lull with *Amilia*'s liquid Name the Nine,
And ſweetly flow through all the Royal Line.

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Hor. *Haud mihi deero,*
Cum res ipſa feret. l *Niſi* dextro tempore *Flacci*
Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæſaris *aurem;*
Cui male ſi palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

Treb. m *Quanto rectius hoc, quam triſti lædere verſu*
Pantolabum Scurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?
n *Cum ſibi quiſque timet, quanquam eſt intactus, & odit.*

Hor. o *Quid faciam? Saltat Milonius, ut ſemel ictus*
Acceſſit fervor capiti numeruſque lucernis.
p *Caſtor gaudet equis;* ovo prognatus eodem
Pugnis; quot capitum vivunt, totidem ſtudiorum
Millia: me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
Lucilii ritu, noſtrum melioris utroque.
Ille, velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim

Cre-

P. [l] Alas! few Verſes touch their nicer Ear;
They ſcarce can bear their *Laureats* twice a Year:
And juſtly CÆSAR ſcorns the Poet's Lays,
It is to *Hiſtory* he truſts for Praiſe.

L. [m] Better be *Cibber*, I'll maintain it ſtill,
Then redicule all *Taſte*, blaſpheme *Quadrille*,
Abuſe the City's beſt good Man in Metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their truſt in *Peter*.
[n] Ev'n thoſe you touch not, hate you.

P. What ſhould ail 'em?

L. A hundred ſmart in *Timon* and in *Balaam*:
The fewer ſtill you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but *Harpax* is a Score.

P. [o] Each Mortal has his Pleaſure: None deny
Scarſdale his Bottle, *D*——*ty* his Ham-Pye,
Ridotta ſips and dances, till ſhe ſee
The doubling Luſtres dance as well as ſhe;
[p] ——loves the *Senate*, *Hockley-Hole* his Brother;
Like in all elſe, as one Egg to another.
[q] I love to pour out all myſelf, as plain
As downright *Shippen*, or as old *Montagne*.

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Credebat libris; neque ſi male geſſerat, uſquam

Decurrens aliò, neque ſi bene: quo fit ut omnis

Votivâ pateat veluti deſcripta tabella

Vita ſenis. Sequor hunc, t Lucanus an Appulus anceps?

[Nam Venuſinus arat finem ſub utrumque colonus,

Miſſus ad hoc pulſis (vetus eſt ut fama) Sabellis;

Quò ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hoſtis,

s Sive quod Appula gens, ſeu quod Lucania Bellum

Incuteret violenta.]

t Sed hic ſtylus haud petit ultrà

Quenquam animantem; & me veluti cuſtodiet enſis

Vaginâ tectus, quem cur diſtringere coner,

v Tutus ab infeſtis latronibus? w O Peter & Rex

Jupiter! ut pereat poſitum rubigine telum,

Nec

In them, as certain to be lov'd as ſeen,
The Soul ſtood forth, nor kept a Thought within;
In me what Spots [for Spots I have] appear,
Will prove at leaſt the Medium muſt be clear.
In this impartial Glaſs, my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my Foes, my Friends;
Publiſh the preſent Age, but where my Text
Is Vice too high, reſerve it for the next:
My Foes ſhall wiſh my Life a longer Date,
And ev'ry Friend the leſs lament my Fate.

My Head and Heart thus flowing thro' my Quill,
Verſe-man or Proſe-man, term me which you will,
Papiſt or Proteſtant, or both between,
Like good *Eraſmus* in an honeſt Mean,
In Moderation placing all my Glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

Satire's my Weapon, but I'm too diſcreet
To run a Muck, and tilt at all I meet;
I only wear it in a Land of Hectors,
Theives, Supercargoes, Sharpers and Directors;
Save but our *Army!* and let *Jove* incruſt
Swords, Pikes, and Guns, with everlaſting Ruſt!

Peace

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*Nec quiſquam moveat * cupido mihi pacis! at ille,*
Qui me commôrit (melius non tangere clamo)
? Flebit, & inſignis tota cantabitur urbe.

? Cervius iratus leges minitatur & urnam;
Canidia Albuti, quibus eſt inimica, Venenum;
Grande malum Turius, ſi quid ſe judice certes;
a Ut, quo quiſque valet, ſuſpectus terreat, utque
Imperet hoc natura potens; ſic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde niſi intus
Monſtratum? b Scæva vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem: nil faciet ſceleris pia dextera (mirum
Ut neque calce lupus quenquam, neque dente petit bos)
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.

c Ne longum faciam; ſeu me tranquilla ſenectus
Expectat, ſeu mors atris circumvolat alis;

Dives,

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x Peace is my dear Delight —— not *Fleury*'s more;
But touch me, and no Minister so fore.
Who-e'er offends, at some unlucky Time
Slides into Verse, and hitches in a Rhyme,
Sacred to Ridicule! his whole Life long,
And the sad Burthen of some merry Song.

z Slander or Poyson, dread from *Delia*'s Rage,
Hard Words of Hanging, if your Judge be P——e
From furious *Sappho* yet a sadder Fate,
P——x'd by her Love, or libell'd by her Hate:
a Its proper Pow'r to hurt, each Creature feels.
Bulls aim their Horns, and Asses lift their Heels.
'Tis a Bear's Talent not to kick, but hug,
And no man wonders he's not stung by Pug:
b So drink with *Waters*, or with *Chartres* eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.

c Then learned Sir! [to cut the Matter short]
Whate'er my Fate, or well or ill at Court,
Whether old Age, with faint, but chearful Ray,
Attends to gild the Evening of my Day,
Or Death's black Wing already be display'd
To wrap me in the Universal Shade;

Whether

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Dives, inops, Roma, seu sors ita jusserit, exul,
[d] *Quisquis erit vita, scribam, color.*

TREB. [e] *O puer, ut sis*
Vitalis, metuo; & majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.

HOR. [f] *Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus*
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
[g] Detrahere & pellem, nitidus *qua quisque per ora*
Cederet, introrsum turpis; *num Lælius, & qui*
Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offensi? aut læso doluere Metello,
Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? Atqui
Primores *populi arripuit*. populumque *tributim*;

Scilicet

Whether the darken'd Room to muſe invite,
Or whiten'd Wall provoke the Skew'r to write,
In Durance, Exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like *Lee* or *Budgell*, I will Rhyme and Print.

L. Alas young Man! your Days can ne'er be long,
In Flow'r of Age you periſh for a Song!
Plums, and Directors, *Shylock* and his Wife,
Will club their Teſters, now, to take your Life!

P. What? arm'd for *Virtue* when I point the Pen,
Brand the bold Front of ſhameleſs, guilty Men.
Daſh the proud Gameſter in his gilded Car,
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a Star;
Can that be wanting to defend her Cauſe,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could penſion'd *Boileau* laſh in honeſt Strain
Flatt'rers and Bigots ev'n in *Louis'* Reign?
Could Laureate *Dryden* Pimp and Fry'r engage,
Yet neither *Charles* nor *James* be in a Rage?
And I not ſtrip the Gilding off a Knave,
Un-plac'd, un-penſion'd, no Man's Heir or Slave?

I will

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Scilicet [h] UNI ÆQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS AMICIS.

[i] *Quin ubi se a* Vulgo *&* Scena, *in* Secreta *remûrant*
Virtus Scipiadæ, *& mitis* Sapientia Læli;
Nugari cum illo, & discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

——*Quicquid sum ego, quamvis*
Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque, tamen me
[k] *Cum* magnis vixisse *invita fatebitur usque*
Invidia, & fragili quærens illidere dentem,
Offendet solido; —— — —

Nisi

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I will, or perish in the gen'rous Cause.
Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the Laws,
To VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS, a FRIEND,
The World besides may murmur, or commend.
Know all the distant Din that World can keep.
Rolls o'er my *Grotto*, and but sooths my Sleep.
There, my Retreat the best Companions grace,
Chiefs, out of War, and Statesmen, out of Place.
There * *St. John* mingles with my Friendly Bowl,
The Feast of Reason, and the Flow of Soul:
And † He, whose Lightning pierc'd th' *Iberian* Lines,
Now, forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or times the Genius of the stubborn Plain,
Almost as quickly, as he conquer'd *Spain*.
‖ *Envy* must own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of Pleasure, and no Spy of State,
With Eyes that pry not, Tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread Friendships, but to cover Heats,
To Help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me know, who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let him be,
Scribler or Peer, alike are Mob to me.

* L. B——ke. † E. P——rb——gh.

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——— l *Nisi quid tu,* docte Trebati,
Dissentis.

TREB. m *Equidem nihil hinc diffindere possum.*
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti
Incutiat tibi sanctarum inscitia legum.

n " Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina lis est
Judiciumque.

HOR. *Esto, siquis* o mala; *sed* bona *siquis*
Judice condiderit laudatur CAESARE: *siquis*
Opprobrijs dignum laceraverit, integer ipse,
P *Solventur risu tabulæ; tu missus abibis.*

F I N I S.

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This is my Plea, on this I reſt my Cauſe——
What ſaith my Council learned in the Laws?

L. [m] Your Plea is good. But ſtill I ſay, beware!
Laws are explain'd by Men——ſo have a care.
It ſtands on Record, that in ancient Times
A Man was hang'd for very honeſt Rhymes.
[n] Conſult the Statute: *quart.* I think it is,
Edvardi Sext. or *prim. & quint. Eliz.*
See *Libels*, *Satires*——there you have it——read

P. [o] *Libels* and *Satires!* lawleſs things indeed!
But grave *Epiſtles*, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a *King* might read, a *Biſhop* write,
Such as Sir *Robert* would approve——

L. Indeed?
The Caſe is alter'd——you may then proceed,
[p] In ſuch a Cauſe the Plaintiff will be hiſs'd,
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're diſmiſs'd.

F I N I S.

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DUBLIN, April 30, 1733.

THE Writings of the Reverend Dr. J. S. D.S. P. D. were publiſhed ſix Years ago in *London*, in three Volumes, mingled with thoſe of ſome other Gentlemen his Friends. Neither is it eaſy to diſtinguiſh the Authors of ſeveral Pieces contained in them.

BUT, beſides thoſe three Volumes, there are ſeveral Treatiſes relating to *Ireland*, that were firſt publiſhed in this Kingdom, many of which are not contained in the *Drapier's Letters*.

IT hath been long wiſhed, by ſeveral Perſons of Quality and Diſtinction, that a new compleat Edition of this Author's Works, ſhould be printed by itſelf.

BUT this can no where be done ſo conveniently as in *Ireland*, where Bookſellers cannot pretend to any Property in whatthey publiſh, either by Law or Cuſtom.

THIS is therefore to give Notice, that the Undertaker, GEORGE FAULKNER, Printer, in *Eſſex-ſtreet*, propoſeth to publiſh, by Subſcription, all the Works that are generally allowed to have been written by the ſaid Dr. S. in four Volumes;

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Volumes; which ſhall be put to the Preſs at 4 *s.* 4 *d.* each, beautifully printed on a fine Paper in *Octavo*, neatly bound in *Calves* Leather, and lettered on the Back. Two Volumes ſhall be delivered to the Subſcribers by *Michaelmas*-Term at fartheſt, and the other two the *Hillary*-Term following: Eight Shillings and Eight Pence to be paid at the Time of ſubſcribing, and the Remainder at the Delivery of the two firſt Volumes. And if the Subſcriptions are not filled up by the firſt Day of *May* next, the Money ſhall be returned. Whoever ſubſcribes for ſix Copies, ſhall have a Seventh *gratis*.

THE firſt Volume ſhall contain the Author's Letters, written under the Name of *M. B. Drapier*; with two additional ones never printed before; and likewiſe, ſeveral Papers relating to *Ireland*, acknowledged to be of the ſame Author.

THE ſecond Volume ſhall contain the Proſe Part of the Author's Miſcellanies, printed many Years ago in *London* and *Dublin*; together with ſeveral other Treatiſes ſince publiſhed in ſmall Papers, or in the three Volumes ſet out and ſigned JONATHAN SWIFT and ALEXANDER POPE.

THE third Volume ſhall contain the Author's poetical Works, all joined together; with many original Poems, that have hitherto only gone about in Manuſcript.

THE

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THE laſt Volume ſhall contain the Travels of Capt. LEMUEL GULLIVER, in four Parts, wherein many Alterations made by the *London* Printers will be ſet right, and ſeveral Omiſſions inſerted. Which Alterations and Omiſſions were without the Author's Knowledge, and much to his Diſpleaſure, as we have learned from an intimate Friend of the Author's, who, in his own Copy, tranſcribed in blank Paper the ſeveral Paragraphs omitted, and ſettled the Alterations and Changes according to the original Copy.

IN this Edition, the groſs Errors committed by the Printers, both here and in *London*, ſhall be faithfully corrected; the true Original, in the Author's own Hand having been communicated to us by a Friend in whom the Author much confided, and who had Leave to correct his own printed Copies from the Author's moſt finiſhed Manuſcript, where ſeveral Changes were made, not only in the Style, but in other material Circumſtances.

N. B. A compleat Edition of the Author's Works, can never be printed in *England*; becauſe ſome of them were publiſhed without his Knowledge or Liking, and conſequently belong to different Proprietors; and likewiſe, becauſe as they now ſtand, they are mingled with thoſe of other Gentlemen his Friends.

THE Author's Effigies curiouſly engraven by Mr. VERTUE, ſhall be prefixed to each Volume.

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lume. There will alſo be ſeveral other Cuts, proper to the Work.

THE whole Work to be done on a beautiful Letter and a fine Paper.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are taken in by the following Bookſellers, *viz.* Mr. *Owen* in *Skinner-Row*, Mr. *Thornton* and Mr. *Heatly* on *College-Green*, Mr. *Moore* in *Dames-ſtreet*, and Mr. *Exſhaw* on *Cork-Hill*. Subſcriptions are alſo taken in by Alderman *Bennet* in *Cork*, and by Mr. *Dawſon*, Bookſeller, in *Londonderry*.

N. B. The above mentioned Works are now in the Preſs, and will be publiſhed at the Time mentioned.

Juſt publiſhed, a new Edition of the *Man of Taſte*, to which is perfixed a curious Frontiſpiece, and at the End of it a Tail-Piece, both finely engraven, Price three-Pence.

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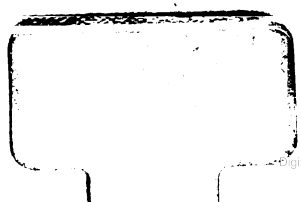

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